Halo: Red vs Blue

by Hawki

Summary: Oneshot: Red vs. Blue. Or Orange vs. Blue really,
considering the different colour schemes of the Didacts. But looking
at his Iso counterpart, sometimes the Ur-Didact truly did see red. Or
at least felt a level of rage that was associated with such a
colour...

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"Hey?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you ever wonder why they're there?"

It was the type of question Bornstellar would ask, the Didact
reflected. Not the type of question the "IsoDidact" would consider of
course â€“ he refused to justify the Forerunner's existence with such
a title. And it wasn't the type of question that he, the Didact (not
"Ur-Didact," that was another term he couldn't swallow) would have to
ask at all. No true Didact would ask why Prometheans were in a box
canyon. No true Didact would be ignorant of the sublimities of the
show.

_Then again, a true Didact wouldn't be sitting down watching _Red vs.
Blue _at all._

Still, he was content to sit on the light couch and watch the antics
of the two teams play out. It was a propaganda piece that had been
going on for decades, the notion that after the Flood were defeated
the Prometheans would have nothing better to do than be stationed at
remote outposts like box canyons and ice planets and have nothing
better to do than complain.

"And why's it called Red vs. Blue anyway?" Bornstellar continued. "More like cyan vs. orange."

That was true, the Ur-Didact reflected. The producers had learnt of his return to the Ecumene, so had adjusted the show's canon to fit. Now a blue-coloured Promethean was taking cover from the hard light fired at him by an orange-coloured Promethean. The team's leader, always giving the lazy red one flak.

"Do you think it will really happen though?" Bornstellar asked, still oblivious to his counterpart's silence. "The war over? Prometheans with nothing to do? The only goal in life being hard light flags?"

The Ur-Didact grunted.

"Come to think of it, why are those flags made out of hard light? And why's this couch made of hard light? And-"

"It was funny in the show. Not here."

Bornstellar fell silent. The Ur-Didact leant back and watched as the blue Promethean was killed by the cyan Promethean, the teal/aqua Promethean being torn between outrage and glee. Not unlike how he himself would feel once Bornstellar stopped pretending to have even a shred of the skill his counterpart had.

"I just want you to know," said the blue Promethean to the cyan one. "I always hated you. I always hated you the most."

Yeah, that about sums it up.

Well, the episode was over. The Ur-Didact got to his feet. He had work to do. The kind of work that wouldn't be helped in a show that, if it came out a few millennia ago, would come across as propaganda of the Builders to show how the Warrior-Servants had become redundant. Now that supposition had come back to haunt the Forerunners, and some were saying that the weapons the Ur-Didact had fought against for so long would actually be used as a final countermeasure against the Flood.

Never.

He looked down. Bornstellar was still there, watching the four-dimensional credits play out. That was all he did, the Ur-Didact reflected bitterly. Sit down. Tag along for the ride. Take his position, his wife, his _identity_. He had nothing that this imposter didn't. Why his personality template had yet to be extracted from Bornstellar, he had no idea.

"Imagine if it did happen though," Bornstellar said suddenly. He looked up at his counterpart. "You know, Prometheans fighting against each other."

"It wouldn't happen."

"Maybeâ€¦but you know, Mendicant Bias has been serving the Flood for decades. It's only a matter of time before Offensive Bias is brought to bear against him."

"AIs can be turned."

"And living things can't?" Bornstellar asked. "It's how the Flood operates after all, turning our own people against us."

_You have no idea. Precursors damn it, you have _no idea_â€¦_

People turned. People betrayed you. Nodding slightly, the Ur-Didact stormed out of the room, wanting to savour the fresh air of the Lesser Ark. He'd had it. He'd had it with Bornstellar daring to act as his equal. He'd had it with his wife looking at him as if _he _were the imposter. He'd had it with betrayals, with Forerunner society, with every damn animal in this damn galaxy.

Maybe the Precursors had been right, he thought. To kill animals before they got out of hand. Humanity should have been eradicated long ago â€" it would have saved him from Bornstellar dragging along those primitives from Erde-Tyrene. Would have saved him from having to bear the Builder Rate poisoning Forerunner society. AIs were not always reliable â€" Mendicant Bias had shown that. But Mendicant Bias was an exception. Betrayal, the turning of organic life against its host speciesâ€¦that had been the norm for thousands of years. Even before the Flood.

AIs were far more reliable, the Ur-Didact reflected. AIs didn't betray you.

And coming to a stop as some Sentinels drifted over, he had to admit, he almost preferred their company.

Even on the battlefieldâ€¦

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><p><em>AN_

_Sometimes I wish I could get angry at _343 _at their handling of the _Halo _franchise but at the end of the day, so much of their stuff ranks as "okay" to me with few products either truly "bad" or "good" that it's a moot point. The retconning/revisioning of there being two Didacts is another example of this. On one hand, completely unnecessary, giving us a poor villain in _Halo 4, _especially when, IMO, it would have been much more logical to use Faber. Still, there being two Didacts does have some potential in terms of character interaction, but having yet to read _Silentium_, I don't know if such interaction exists in any meaningful form._

_Anyway, got me writing this. _

End
file.